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Letter from Grace Rose, Cambridge,
Massachusetts, to Mrs. A.G. Rose, Martinsville,
Indiana, 1927 December 30

Grace Rose

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10 Lancaster Street
Cambridge, Mass.

Dec. 20, 1927

Dearest mother,

I am sending you an article
in the rough. I hope Blanche
won't mind copying it and
sending it up to the News. They
may not want it, but there is
nothing like trying. I wrote it
yesterday in about three hours.
I am so busy trying to do everything
I planned that I haven't time to
copy it myself. I am awfully
slow anyway on the typewriter.

Yesterday Rose and Mary
went to Boston, & left Buring
with the girl who comes to help
Mary at times. Jennie took care
of B. who has a cold, and I

cooked dinner for John & myself. We had tomato soup, fried ham, potatoes au gratin which Rose had prepared ready to be browned, apple sauce, jello, cookies (yours) and coffee. Wasn't that a nice meal? I did not have much to do, for most of it was ready.

John became talkative & told me a lot about his courtships with Mary. He seems to be terribly much in love with her. I nearly died laughing at his characterizations of "Mother Singson", whom he is fond of but likes to joke about. He is a keen reader of character & has a lot of it himself. He talks pretty straight to Rose, tells her she looks like a school teacher in this dress or that. Poor Rose nearly blanches her head off when he starts in. This morning I took my alligator shoes to be half-soled. Just think how

long they have lasted! I had the hubs
repaired on my patent leathers, and
am hoping they will last a month
or so longer. My black satin ^{slippers} have
split down the side, but I have inked
up the spot! I want to pay my
debts before I buy anything.

Bunny has quite a cold, and
breathes heavily. Probably caught it from
Rose. Mary seems a little indifferent;
it seems to me and lets other things
interfere with keeping Bunny on
regular hours. But, of course, I never
open my mouth.

January 4th I'll be back to
college. Of course, I love it and I realize
now more than ever what it means
to have the background and training

you are a college. Whenever people learn that I am from Wellesley, they seem to expect me to amount to something.

I have taken the sleeves out of the gray flannel dress of Bertha's and have made a nice jumper out of it. The odor was unbearable.

Yes, I hope I get some money out of the article. I have to start saving for a spring coat and hat. But if Robert does not have a new suit by then, attend to him first. I need to have to give up once in a while. I can make my new black coat & light dyed one do. Everyone thinks my coat awfully snappy. Hats off to you for taste.
Loads of love,
Grace